Brookfield. Young Brookfield was just beginning life as IB actor, and he was so brilliantly funny ofE the stage that he was always a little disappointing *on* it. My^old manageress, Mrs. Wigan, first brought him to my notice, writing in a charming little note that she knew him " to have a power of *personation* very rare in an unpractised actor,'* and that if we could give him varied practice, she would feel it a courtesy to her.

I had reason to admire Mr. Brookfield's " powers of personation " when I was acting at Buxton. He and Kemble had no parts in one of our plays, so they amused themselves during their " off" night by hiring bath-chairs aad pretending to be paralytics ! We were acting in a hall, and the most infirm of the invalids visiting the place to take the waters were wheeled in at the back, and up the centre aisle. In the middle of a very pathetic scene I caught sight of Kernble and Brookfield in their bath-chairs, and could not *speak* for several minutes.

Mr, Brookfield does not tell this little story in his *' Random Reminiscences*[11] It is about the only one that he has left out! To my rnind he is the prince of story-tellers. All the cleverness that he should have put into his acting and his play-writing (of which since those early days he has done a great deal) he seems to have put into his life. I remember him more clearly as a delightful com-panion than an actor, and he won my heart at once by his kindness to my little daughter Edy, who accompanied me on this tour. He has too great a sense of humour to reseat my inadequate recollection of him Did he not in

his own book quote gleefully from an obituary notice published on a false report of his death, the summary : " Never a great actor, he was invaluable in small parts. But after all it is at his chib that he will be most missed 1"

In the last act of "Butterfly," as we called the English

ir